Adventurous 'Saint'

Advice to Milady by Lydia Lane

BEAUTY QUEENS HAVE PROBLEMS

HOLLYWOOD—Alfred Hitchcock delights in doing the unexpected and avoiding the obvious. He found an inhibited girl from Philadelphia named Grace Kelly and made her a star. Now he has put saint-like Eva Marie Saint into a woman of adventure role, and her co-star Cary Grant predicts she'll be a sensation.

"Wait until you see her," Mr. Hitchcock said, inviting me on the "North by Northwest" set. "I think you'll agree Eva is glamorous as never before."

It was true. I found a new quality in her—an awareness of the power a woman possesses in knowing she is physically attractive. At lunch at MGM we discussed this.

Eva Marie laughed and said, "I feel like saying that this is where I came in."

She explained that at school she had been voted the fraternity dream girl, May Queen and the prettiest girl in her class. "But even then," Eva reminisced, "I wanted boys to take me out because they enjoyed my company. When I went to New York to become an actress I didn't want it said of me, 'She's beautiful, but she can't act.' So perhaps I went overboard in the other direction. But now that I feel I don't have to prove anything any more, I'm not afraid of glamor.

"My hair is impossible," Eva Marie exclaimed. "It is so fine it doesn't hold a curl at all. Before my lunch is over a hairdresser will be in here to put it up on rollers. When I go to parties I have to wear my hair a way that will last."

Eva Marie slipped off her pumps, ones with Italian heels and pointed toes.

"I learned in New York what can happen when you neglect your feet. I used to walk miles every day when I was making the rounds of producers' offices. Young girls at that time wore those flat ballet slippers. So did I, but I never associated these with the awful backaches I developed.

"Finally I went to a doctor. He told me my arches had fallen from walking on the hard pavements without supports and that I should get a pair of corrective shoes. They felt wonderful, but they looked so awful I used to pray for rain or snow so I could cover them with galoshes.

EVA MARIE SHOWED me a picture of her baby Laurette and said, "She weighed eight and a half pounds, but three weeks after she was born I was having fittings for this picture I'm now making."

"What is your secret for getting back into shape so fast?" I asked.

"I believe in controlled eating during pregnancy and being conscientious about exercises before and after the baby is born," she told me.

"I took a maternity course, and part of our training was an exercise class for expectant mothers," she continued. "It was especially designed to help those who wanted a natural childbirth. I went for three hours, twice a week, and we really had a workout. Here we were, a room full of expectant mothers doing routines that were much more strenuous than we would dare do alone. But I felt wonderful as a result of them.

"They had us rolling on the floor and raising our legs in the air for the bicycle exercises and doing all sorts of stretching. Long ago peasants who worked in the fields had no trouble bearing children, and modern doctors realize that you have a much easier time if you use your body. But," Eva Marie added, "exercise at this time should be carefully supervised.

"After the baby was born I worked at home alone. It's so easy to procrastinate, but the whole point is to set aside a special time for working out and not to allow anything to interfere. When you delay and let the sag set in, your muscles don't respond to toning as easily. It's best to start early enough so they'll spring back in shape," she advised.

EVA MARIE SAINT . . . Hitchcock discovery.

THOUGHT FOR FOOD

By Muriel Wilson

EASTER'S EGG-TIME, *Omelet is for Anytime*

THE EGG HAS FIGURED abundantly in history, literature, and mythology. In the philosophy of the ancient peoples of the East the egg was the emblem of the universe. The Jews placed the egg on the Passover Table as a symbol of their departure from Egypt. In the Christian religion the egg is the symbol of rebirth and the Resurrection of Christ . . . hence its association with Easter.

Eggs were probably one of the first foods eaten by man. It is easy to believe he ate eggs before he ate the flesh of animals. Eggs could be procured without difficulty while man had to devise crude tools or weapons with which to kill animals.

Today, as in yesteryear, the egg is recognized as a fine nutritional food. It is conveniently rich in protein, fat, iron, phophorus, calcium and vitamins A and D. It seems an unfair distinction to label the ambitious bee alone as "busy" when one thinks of the efficient laying machine the modern chicken is. Scientific care and feeding has encouraged the hen to increase her laying period to what now amounts to an all-year-around job.

* * *

EVERY COOK knows that it's fun to be noted for some specialty . . . something that can be executed with a flair and served with a flourish. Armed with a few tricks anyone can turn out a perfect omelet for any course and for any occasion. An omelet can be lovely as a sonnet and as versatile as the "little sheath dress," so beloved by fashion writers and well-dressed women. Like the basic dress, an omelet is in good taste at any time and may be dressed up or down as the occasion demands.

An omelet is ideal for breakfast served with little pork sausages or crisp bacon. For a late evening snack, after the game, after the show, or after a closely-contested game of cards, serve an omelet with a bright ribbon of tomato sauce criss-crossing its golden beauty and garnish with springs of watercress . . . Stocks of buttered toast and piping hot coffee make good companions.

For lunch or family supper make a substantial omelet with a filling of cubed cheese, ham, crab, shrimp, mushrooms, mixed vegetables or what have you. Accompany the supper omelet with potato chips or French fries and a tossed green salad.

A DESSERT OMELET can be really elegant . . . Try a filling of any bright jelly; thawed and sweetened strawberries, drained fruit cocktail, cranberry sauce. Sprinkle the top with sifted confectioners' sugar.

And what about a banana-marmalide filling. Mix sliced banana with orange marmalade, spread on half the omelet, fold over and spread the top thinly with more marmalade, place under the broiler until the top is glazed.

An omelet is neither expensive nor difficult to make . . . but a few rules should be observed. Have the eggs at room temperature; be gentle with them, beat them—but not to death. I like to use a fork rather than a beater; two eggs per person is about right, plus one tablespoon of liquid to an egg; water makes a more tender omelet than milk; egg whites and yolks beaten separately will give you a higher puffier omelet but it will be drier. Be gentle when it comes to heat. Too hot a pan will toughen eggs. A perfect omelet should be slightly crisp and golden brown on the outside but soft and creamy inside.

* * *

AND NOW for my own favorite omelet with a filling of curried chicken livers.

The filling: Wash six chicken livers (you can buy them separately). Cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Drain and set livers to cool. Chop one small onion very fine. In a pan melt one tablespoon butter and a smidgen of garlic. Saute onion till golden, add on teaspoon curry powder and one eighth teaspoon dried basil. Mix well.

Now add one-half cup canned tomatoes, break the tomatoes small with a fork. Cook slowly until sauce is thick. Add chopped chicken livers and cook two more minutes. Season with salt, freshly ground pepper and accent. Enough filling for an omelet for two.

Get Pop to the table pronto if you are having omelet . . . if allowed to cool its beauty collapses into wrinkles.